1906

THE CENTRE-VISION

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF
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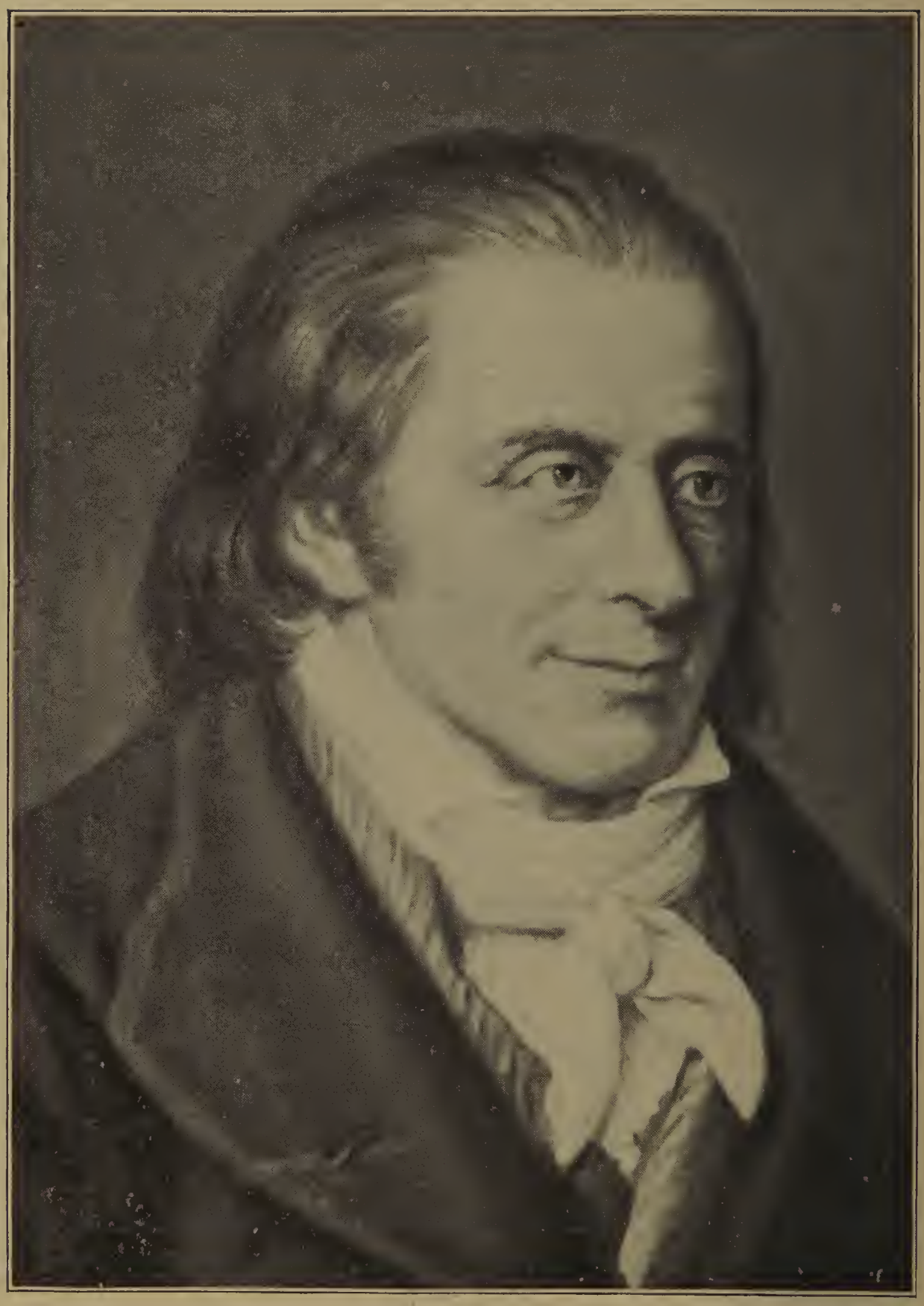

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CENTRE OF VISION

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Vol. V. Boston, Massachusetts, October, 1906 No. 1

The CENTRE OF VISION is published by the students of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, during the third week of every month in the school year, and only important news matter can be received after the 8th of the month. Matter for insertion may be left with any of the editorial staff, or mailed to the editor at the Normal Art School. In contributing, write on one side of the paper only, and sign full name (this is for reference only).

Communications should be addressed, according to their nature, to the editor, business manager, or exchange editor.

Manuscript must be accompanied by necessary postage to insure its return.

10 cents a copy. 75 cents a year in school. $1.00 per year by mail.

Motto

"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction."

—Mrs. Stanley

"Ambition is the germ from which all growth of nobleness proceeds."

The Old Masters of the Future

We are going to have a great American school of painting—because great art follows on the heels of commercial prosperity. The time is come. Yet we must still have faith, and get very busy. A masterpiece means truth to nature plus a human soul. An American can get those qualities to-day as well as any one ever could.

Meanwhile, as Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke said, "If people would make as much of the great annual art exhibitions as they do of the horse show, American art would advance more quickly." Incidentally the artists would get more to eat.

The Ladies' Yellow Journal publishes articles on "Killing the Old Masters by Hanging Them," and Mrs. Henry Peck addresses the Sewing Bee on "Chaldean Art," while the members make adverse criticisms of her taste in millinery. The Museum buys 300 odd volumes, "mostly on Greek art." All in the mad chase after culture, which stealthily eludes them.

Still, we have reason to be optimistic. Public taste is improving, and public purse-strings loosening as regards art. We are beginning to understand that we have the best artists, art schools, and instructors in the world. Also a patriotic and ambitious spirit.

Let us take great and particular pains to find out who are the great American artists, past, present, and future,—become as familiar with American art as we are with the political history of our country.

If we all keep perennially enthusiastic about what we have produced in art, and shall produce in the future, here in America, the public will soon catch the idea.

As regards you and I, we have been told that we cannot become Michael Angelos.

Verily I say, with God's help, we can become something better than that, great Americans.

We are the old masters of the future. Perhaps that includes you and I. If so, the time for work is Now. Get busy and have faith.

H. C. Dunbar, '04.

"Experience is a jewel and it need be so, for it is often purchased at an infinite rate."—*Shakespeare.*

Kindly Advice

Dear Freshmen: Doubtless you will be surprised to learn that the present Senior class is about one-third its original number. What can be the cause of this? I recall no deaths, few cases of physical breakdown, and not half a dozen marriages. To be sure, some of our students have been compelled by circumstances to find some quicker means of earning a living, but the one hard fact remains that a large majority have just "dropped out."

Surely, dear Freshmen, you know what that means. It means just this—that at the beginning of the Freshman year those students who "dropped" thought, "Well, I needn't work to-day. There's plenty of time. I have the whole year before me." But before they know it the year is gone, and examinations are in order. How I pity the poor instructors then. You beg them to pass you, but, in spite of the tears in your eyes, they refuse, and you think them hard and unfeeling. This is not so. They are simply conscientious, and you would not have them otherwise, I know.

Let me impress upon you a few things which experience has taught me.

Perspective lectures will soon begin, and unless some change has been made, certain problems will be demonstrated in class and given to you to work out at home. Now, work them out yourself accurately as soon after lecture as possible, and in this way you will quickly comprehend the subject, which is otherwise likely to remain a "gray day" to you throughout the course, in spite of excellent instruction and ceaseless effort on the part of your instructor.

Then comes water-color. Only six weeks of it—just think! But great things can be accomplished in this fascinating study if the student will be conscientious in his work and only follow instructions.

Don't do things your way. Try your instructors'—it may be better. Don't be afraid of losing your individuality—you haven't any yet.

Just a word about your work in general. If your instructor is generous enough to try to make you see through his eyes, don't argue that "you don't see it that way," but just accept his kindness, and save your

own eyes until after you have been graduated, when you will find ample use for them when there is nobody to help you see.

If I have wearied you, my schoolmates, just remember that it is because I want every one of you to enjoy the dignity of being a Normal Art Senior. With a hearty welcome, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
The Senior.

P. S.—Has anybody told you that the stools in the lunch room belong on the floor and not on the tables, and that you can avoid a lot of hard knocks between 12 and 12.30 P. M. by not standing in people's way?

The S.

1907 Class Meeting

The class of 1907 held its first meeting of the season on the afternoon of October 17. After the reports of last year were read and accepted, the officers for the present year were chosen. Walter N. Stiles was re-elected president. The other officers are: Helen F. Morton, vice-president; Jessie Morse, secretary; Harley Perkins, treasurer.

It was found necessary that Mr. Perkins should have a committee of three to assist in the collection of class dues. They are as follows: Clara L. Currier, Portrait Class; Elizabeth Wright, Design Class; and Florence Goding, Public School Class, each of whom will have charge of the class dues in her particular section.

The next business which came before the meeting was the Freshman reception. Plans were made, and James K. Bonnar, Alvan J. Winter, Louise Webb, Helen F. Morton, and Louise G. Bates are in charge of the final arrangements.

A young man once said to Thomas A. Edison, the inventor: "Mr. Edison, don't you believe that genius is inspiration?"

"No," replied Edison, "genius is perspiration."

"Learn to do by doing." —*John Locke.*

The 1906 Banquet

For several weeks before the graduation vague rumors of the things to happen that night had kept us all "on pins and needles." Certain little groups of students were seen with heads together in animated and evidently very amusing discussions—but let any one else approach, they would become as silent as the grave. No wonder we were impatient for dinner to be announced, as we waited there in the Vendome. Almost all of us were there, and with us were Mrs. Wells, Mr. Bartlett, Mr. George, and Mr. Jepson. The one disappointment of the evening was the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Batchelor and Mr. DeCamp.

At last we were assembled around the table, and before we were seated, Mr. Farnum, our toastmaster, read those very appropriate verses of Owen Meredith's:—

"We may live without poetry, music, and art,
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?"

And then one of the mysteries was solved by the discovery of a verse on the back of each place card. These were read aloud amid roars of laughter, and the anonymous writers felt well repaid for their time and trouble in finding the jokes.

The business meeting, which followed the dinner, was short. The class officers were unanimously re-elected, and then we heard the class history. Miss Rogers' amusing account of our transition from "green Freshmen" was appreciated by all, and many half-forgotten pranks came back to us as we listened. A few earnest and helpful words by Mr. George, a pithy little talk by Mr. Jepson—and then the prophecy. Our four prophets proved conclusively that four heads are better than one, for higher flights of imagination were never reached. Let us hope

our class president may escape the awful fate of becoming an acrobat and trapeze performer, and that others of us may find more congenial futures than were predicted.

Alas! for the peace of mind of some members, we found that another cause of the mysterious whisperings was a "Knock Committee." Their knocks were undoubtedly the hits of the evening! It has been rumored that two of the class are still picking confetti from their hair!

Mrs. Wells and Mr. Bartlett each gave us words of practical advice which we can never forget, and we felt as never before the responsibility that rests on us who are graduated from the Normal Art. Our sadness was dispelled, and bright hopes came trooping back, as we listened to the poem, which was so well written and so sweetly recited by Miss Bisbee. We felt that we had lost a great deal in not "discovering" our poet earlier in our school days. May we all be glad to have lived such happy days together, and may we strive always to keep our ideals as high and our hopes as bright as on the night of June 21.

Jean Kimber, '06.

Our Call at Suite 7

We were very prompt, you may be sure, in accepting the kind invitation of one of the members of Suite 7 to accompany her to the cozy little apartment on—well, if you haven't been invited to Suite 7 yet, it won't do you any good to know the street, but, in case you should be invited, the purpose of this little dissertation is a warning.

After a lengthy discourse one afternoon upon the desirability of doing as doth the busy bee, improving each shining hour, and taking Time by the forelock, Al—— and I with no little self-esteem had decided to go directly home and work, when we met F—— in the hall.

"Oh, do come home with me!" she begged, with one of her enticing smiles (wherein always lurks, as you may know, the spirit of mischief). "The girls are all out, and I am going to be alone."

Consequently quarter past two found us walking up Huntington avenue in the direction of Suite 7, which, by the way, is the nicest little cubby-house you ever saw, with the dearest fireplace just made for

toasting marshmallows, a piano to accompany F——'s songs, a whole set of encyclopedia to use when A—— is not in, and flowers and many things to shine when the little Billerica Star is away. We had gone all through the rooms, admired everything, taken off our coats and hats, and laid down our wallets, and were deep in one of our old conversations, when a clock striking reminded us that there was a train left which we might catch if we hurried.

"You must run up on the roof," F—— insisted, "and see the view before you go."

Now right here lies my warning. If ever you venture Suite 7-ward, especially when you have a train to catch, remember to keep your hat on your head, your wallet in your hand, and do not go near the roof. While we were enjoying the atmosphere and partaking of the "spice of life," in the way of viewing the architecture of the great church before us, a wail arose from the flight below, where F—— had gone for field glasses.

"Oh, girls, we're locked out!" After trying the door, fire escape, and kitchen windows, F—— descended the 365 stairs in search of help, while we peered anxiously over the railing after her and waited.

After endless moments, there was a stumbling noise on the stairs, a great hand slid along the railing, flights below, and then a large, be-whiskered head loomed into view. It was the Whisker-man. All the bogies of my childhood faded to mere nothings in comparison.

Up he came, mumbling to himself, and at intervals tapping upon the wall in the way of inducing thought. The sight of our horrified faces filled F—— with great joy. "Why, that's the janitor!" she said.

Having finally landed, the Whisker-man began trying each one of the 365 keys he carried, all the time shaking his head in a manner most discouraging. "Can't open thet door!" he growled out, suddenly whirling around upon us, and, descending the stairs, was soon out of sight.

The Whiskers, en exit, were more appreciated than when they made their debut, and when they deserted us, we huddled forlornly on the stairs to wait the end of time. We began to think of our past sins, and the things which we had planned for the future, which a prolonged residence on the roof would give small opportunity for fulfilling.

"Whoso neglects learning in his youth, loses the past and is dead for the future." — *Euripides.*

A click, click sound came suddenly from the door of Suite 7, and a head appeared. That nice, resourceful Whisker-man had gone up the fire escape and smashed in the kitchen windows!

Without ceremony we snatched our hats and wallets and tore down those 365 stairs and out into the street. A voice floated down to us from the clouds as we ran; turning, we saw F—— smiling down upon us and waving good-by from her lofty seat on the roof. P. L.

The Graduation of the Class of 1906

On the morning of June 21 the class of 1906 assembled for its graduation. In the absence of Mr. Munsell, who usually acts as marshal, the students were led to their places by Mrs. Batchelor.

The exercises were opened by prayer by the Rev. Mr. Bartlett, after which the following programme was given:—

Vocal solo—The "Flower Song" from "Faust."
Alice Christmas Pilsbury, '09.

Essay—"Art as a Factor in Industrial Education."
Royal Bailey Farnum.

Essay—"The Great Pyramid."
Frank Martin Gracey.

Essay—"Color."
Romaine Hoit.

Demonstration of the valve mechanism of the steam engine.
Frank Halstead.

Essay—"Unprejudiced Vision."
Annie Benson Muller.

Blackboard drawing.
The Class.

Violin solo.
Roland Stebbins, '07.

Valedictory.
Jean Kimber.

Distribution of diplomas.
Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells.

COURTESY OF PHOTO ERA

A STUDY

"As we advance in life we learn the limits of our abilities."

The class established the precedent of having music arranged by the Juniors, and was well rewarded by the sweet singing of Miss Pilsbury and Mr. Stebbins' violin solos.

The blackboard drawing and the illustration of some of the papers by drawings and models greatly interested the audience, and it is to be hoped that such demonstrations may become recognized features of our graduations.

Following the custom established by '05, the class presented a picture, Whistler's "Portrait of His Mother." The presentation was made by Royal Bailey Farnum, the class president, and the gift was accepted by Mr. Bartlett in the name of the faculty.

After the final words of advice by Mrs. Wells and Mr. Bartlett, refreshments were served to the friends of the graduates. During the hum of congratulations, one of the instructors was heard to say, "While not, perhaps, the most brilliant graduation, it was certainly the most harmonious we have had." '06, that is well worth being proud of.

"Twice Told Tales"

Let us talk about some old things that, nevertheless, are always new. For instance, the time-honored habit of the girls dancing in the corridor at recess. I am sure this is a pleasure to every one, even to those of us who may only be spectators. But we all know, and those who do not please take notice, that dancing is not included in the curriculum of the school. So that no great amount of importance need be attached to it, nor should we allow it to take time from other things in which proficiency is demanded.

And then there is the lunch counter. "Constant dropping wears upon a stone," and constant pressing against the lunch counter may in time cause its venerable boards to collapse. Picture yourself splashing into the tomato bisque, or becoming entangled in the spaghetti! Some of you, it is true, may light upon a fishball, but many must necessarily be burned by the hot chocolate. Moreover, the god and goddesses who preside over the "festive board" have, like ordinary mortals, but one pair

of hands each, and no matter how willing they may be, they cannot serve more than one at a time.

More important than either of these, and more directly connected with our work, is our "noble army" of "models" (they might well be called "martyrs"). I do not refer to the living ones, for as far as I know, they are well treated, but to that vast and silent multitude of casts and forms, colored shapes and fabrics. 'Tis they that help us to our knowledge of light and shade, and value, of beauty of form and color. Yet think how they are treated! How pathetic the young "David," with his broken arms, or the humiliating finger marks on Franklin's noble head! In every room are cracked vases and battered instruments, and enough broken model-forms and furniture to supply the school with kindling wood. Above all, have some care for the poor old skeleton who has stood faithfully at his post for so many years. Poor human wreck! If we were half as faithful in our service, we would be more likely to come forth at the end of the year with our names festooned with E's.

Christopher Meddler.

A THOUGHT.

Did you ever stop to think, each and every one of you, that by coming to this school, whose name includes Normal, as well as Art, that you proclaim yourself a student and a teacher of the kingdom beautiful?

Just as pure water flowing into a basin with no outlet becomes stagnant, so will your talent become useless if you do not give it forth freely to those around you.

It will not be enough that your art shines forth from canvas, or clay, or metal, or even from some particular schoolroom. It must be a living, vital force that through you will raise and ennoble every one and everything it touches.

C. M.

Plans for the new Museum building have been adopted, and the construction will be entered upon immediately.

ART NOTES

Edited by Edith M. Shepard

The Boston Art Museum is soon to receive from the estate of the late Martin Brimmer, its first president, a large sum of money. This sum has been exceeded by but one bequest since the founding of the Museum, that of the late Henry L. Pierce. Besides the money, the Museum receives a number of valuable works of art, including paintings by John Constable, J. F. Millet, William M. Hunt, Elihu Vedder, and Burn-Jones.

An exhibition of French painting, representing the development from the time of the Barbizon School (about 1850) to the present time, has been arranged in the fifth gallery of the Museum. The exhibition includes a notable collection of pictures by Millet, pictures by Delacroix, Daubigny, and Corot, Manet, and the impressionists, Monet, Pissarro, and Sisley.

An exhibition of Italian laces and embroideries, lent by Signorina Carolina Amari, of Florence, Italy, has recently been opened in the textile gallery of the Museum.

"There are in this collection about 800 pieces of lace, including specimens of Spanish, Danish, Swedish, Dutch, Flemish, and other kinds of lace, as well as of Italian. The collection comprises examples of almost every known sort of process, illustrating all the phases of the history of lace making by hand, from the sixteenth century down to modern times. The earliest specimens of lace in the exhibition are the pieces known as 'Punto sfilato,' which simply means drawn work in which many threads are drawn. This is the earliest form of the art, and is referred to the sixteenth century. Again, the rarest piece of lace in the collection, of a sort seldom seen, is the 'Punto avorio,' or 'Punto saraceno.' Then we have the so-called 'Punto a maglia quadra,' which would be called here darned netting, and which goes back to a very

early period in the history of lace-making; also the 'Punto a mezza mandolina' (half almond), which is the graphic name for a kind of darned netting with different sized meshes.

"From Sicily comes a remarkable specimen of early sixteenth century drawn work, of the sort called 'Punto tirato,' which goes into realistic illustrative design, and tells a quaint tale of a man and his wife, his children, his castle, dogs, deer, and other animals, etc., all in a most primitive and conventional draughtsmanship, with straight outlines and no curves. 'Punto tagliato' comes shortly after this period, being what we call cut work. Then we come to some very interesting and handsome specimens of the Reticella style, which is geometrical in design and worked on a foundation of linen, but so covered by the button-hole stitches that no linen is visible.

"Following this variety is the so-called 'Punto in aria,' which is surely a very pretty name for a very pretty style of lace. This is both geometrical and floral in its designs.

"This brings us up to the Venetian raised point lace, or 'Punto a relievo a fiorami,' of the eighteenth century, which is so famous and valuable. There are many fine examples of this style, and of later styles which have grown out of it."

The exhibition will probably be open until next March. It is the first time it has been exhibited in America.

The admissions to the Museum during the months of July and August amounted to 30,145. The total attendance up to date for the year is 172,906, or 11,692 greater than for the corresponding part of last year.

"Mr. Lancelot Crane, second son of Mr. Walter Crane, is rapidly coming to the front in the profession of which his father is so distinguished a member. In 1905 Mr. Lancelot Crane won his Associateship of the Royal College of Art, and this year he gained the traveling scholarship in painting, the highest award in this branch. He has exhibited in several leading galleries in London."—Art Journal.

"King Leopold is interesting himself in the attempt to restore Rubens' house in Antwerp as far as may be to the style in which it was

three centuries ago. It is proposed there to install a museum containing souvenirs of the Flemish genius."—Art Journal.

"A portrait of Turner has been found in a second-hand dealer's shop near the Seven Dials in London. It is pronounced to be authentic by Mr. Frith. There are three other portraits of Turner in existence."

"Signor Corrado Ricci, an authority in his sphere, who has, after much demur, accepted from the Italian government the position of director of the fine arts, announces a general catalogue of the entire art patrimony of Italy. In each commune competent persons are to be charged with the critical description and history of art works, their dimensions and state of preservation. A monthly bulletin will be published, with illustrations and exact information concerning new acquisitions, restorations, and discoveries. The money for these undertakings has already been appropriated."

An edition of Kenneth Grahame's charming sketches of child life, "The Golden Age" and "Dream Days," with illustrations by Maxfield Parrish, has recently been published. In the July number of the International Studio there is an article on Professor Von Herkomer's appreciation of Maxfield Parrish's illustrations. He speaks of them in very high terms.

"Mr. Parrish has absorbed, yet purified, every modern oddity, and added to it his own strong, original identity. He has combined the photographic vision with the pre-Raphaelite feeling. He is poetic without ever being maudlin, and has the saving clause of humor. He can give suggestiveness without loss of unflinching detail. He has a strong sense of romance. He has a great sense of characterization, without a touch of ugliness. . . . He has been able to infuse into the most uncompromising realism the decorative element—an extraordinary feat in itself. He is throughout an excellent draughtsman, and his finish is phenomenal. . . .

"Every charm of Mr. Grahame's prose finds its counterpart in Mr. Parrish's illustrations. The purity and delicacy of youthful thoughts and fancies find in both an equal and complete expression. Mr. Parrish knows when to be unflinchingly faithful to the letter of his text, and when

to seek rather the spirit that maketh alive. Mr. Grahame knows that the thoughts of a boy seek an expression that is ultra-modern, that his fabled hero would scorn to ride in a pageant that lacked the Maxim, the Pom-Pom, and all the other pomp of modern war. With no less certainty does Mr. Parrish know that the spirit of boyish dreaming is not of this age, but must be sought amid the glamor and romance of mediaeval chivalry and Fields of Cloth of Gold. And so, if we turn to the text of one of the most perfectly decorative of his designs, we shall find the coal-black charger and the set face with its hero's sabre cut; but where Mr. Grahame rightly gives us guns that rattle and leap along the village streets, Mr. Parrish still more rightly shows us the standard waving in the breeze and the boy companion with his lictor's axe. Surely here, if ever, is interpretation and sympathy for which to give thanks. . . .

"The loan exhibition to be opened next February by the Copley Society of Boston will be composed of paintings of the modern Scandinavian school.

"The Twentieth Century Club of Boston will hold another loan exhibition of paintings by Boston artists during the coming winter.

"An exhibition of paintings by Leslie Thompson, the landscape painter, will shortly be opened at the galleries of the Boston Art Club. Mr. Thompson has been abroad for two years as holder of the Longfellow scholarship of the school of the Museum of Fine Arts.

"An exhibition of paintings by the late J. Leslie Breck will be held soon in the Rowlands galleries.

"An exhibition of water-colors by Anthony Dyer, of Providence, is to be opened at the Williams and Everett galleries before long.

"Carl Gordon Cutler, who has been painting autumn landscapes in the Vermont hills, will soon open an exhibition of his work in the Williams and Everett galleries."

The purpose of this column is to report current art events and news that may interest the students in this school. Any suggestions or material will be gratefully received by the Art Editor.

EDITORIALS

Hail to the new school year! We are glad to see our same teachers and so many friends and classmates. Do we fully realize what it means to pass a milestone in our life's journey and face new tasks and resolutions? Let "to work" be our motto throughout the coming year, for good, solid work and conscientious study, with high ideals and ambitions, are the keynotes to success. And at the same time, may we pay more attention to the developing of our characters. When we leave this institution and are dependent upon the world, success in whatever we undertake must have a good moral character for a foundation. Also, let us live the Golden Rule, and a stronger feeling of good fellowship will prevail.

We welcome the Freshmen to our institution, and hope they are brimful of School Spirit. Ralph Waldo Emerson has said: "Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm." Do you agree, Freshmen? The CENTRE OF VISION is depending upon you for a vast amount of support. You own a share in this paper, and we trust you will take great interest in it.

A competition is open to the members of the school for a cover design to be used throughout the year. A prize of $3 will be awarded for the best design. A jury of three teachers will be the judges.

Students and alumni of the M. N. A. S.! This is your paper, and it will be just what you make it. It does not belong to the staff as some seem to think. It has developed to its present standard in a remarkably short existence; much credit is due the former editors and staffs who have had it in charge, but we want it to increase both in size and stand-

"It is for lack of appreciation rather than of opportunity that men fail of success."

ard of excellence. We want a real live Art School Magazine, full of enthusiasm, instruction, and interest for all. Every one should subscribe, at least. Feel a responsibility in your share of the paper, and put your manuscript in the box by the stairs on the first floor.

It will be a pleasure to the students of our school to know that the committee of reward has selected the design of Cyrus E. Dallin for the soldiers' monument, Onondaga County, Syracuse. Seven other designs were submitted.

The frontispiece in this month's CENTRE OF VISION is the picture of Henry Pestalozzi, the great educational reformer. He was the first teacher to announce convincingly the doctrine that all people should be educated. It is our intention to run a short series of educators which will familiarize the students with the great men about whom we study in connection with the history of education.

School Notes

'Tis old, but 'twill bear repeating:—

"He who knows not, and knows not he knows not—he is a Freshman! Pity him.

He who knows not and knows he knows not—he is a Sophomore! Shun him.

He who knows and knows not he knows—he is a Junior! Honor him.

He who knows and knows he knows—he is a Senior! Reverence him.

Let the voices of '08 be heard as one voice: "We are Juniors!"

The Junior class extends a cordial little finger to the new arrivals. "Don't follow in our steps" is our best advice.

The high tide of excitement in Mr. Major's last year has ebbed into Mr. George's. We hope that the conditions, geographical and otherwise, will prove unfavorable in the future.

Our breezy Gale which refreshed us our first year in M. N. A. S. has returned with increased vigor, and we welcome her back,

"Example is a school of mankind and they will learn at no other."
— *Burke.*

None of us are of any account now, girls, unless we keep "bachelor maid's hall" in town.

"Is a quarter of a pound enough?"

Be sure to see the gas man.

————, we must economize. Don't forget to turn out the gas to-night.

What a shock to the poor "public foolers" to learn that they know too much about drawing already!

A new species of bush has been discovered in this school foli (o) age, boardlike; frequently to be found in low, secluded regions—name, "Granbatesberry."

If they advise the public school to "scratch away" all the time, what wonder is it that only the hens of the school are to be found following this line of work!

The A. B. C. Club is still in evidence this year, the majority being students in Mr. Major's studio.

How the students in Mr. Major's studio look for Thursday to come! More enjoyment is obtained from the criticism of the weekly compositions than from any other source.

The class meeting of the class of 1909 will be held the last week of this month. Watch for notices.

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Pay your subscription
  When it falls due,
For the poor editor's
  Pleasures are few.
Hand him a dollar,
  Boost him a bit,
Then you will see him
  Fall in a fit. —Ex.

"Knowledge is conditioned by sense." — *Comenius.*

Alumni Notes

Royal B. Farnum, Editor

It is natural to plan "great things" as each new year comes around, and so it is our desire to make this column more interesting and "newsy" each month.

Nearly 60,000,000 pins are made each day in England, some twenty odd million in France, and 10,000,000 and upward in other countries. This enormous output has been going on for years; but what becomes of the pins? They do not wear out; they do not dissolve in the air; there is no way of destroying them. And what becomes of our alumni? They do not wear out; they do not dissolve in the air; and alas, there is no way of destroying them. It is impossible for the editor to travel the world over hunting them up, so if any know where their schoolmates have gone, will they please notify the alumni editor?

Professor Frank F. Frederick, '90, formerly of the University of Illinois, is now director of the Trenton Art School.

Miss Grace C. Smith, '99, is supervisor of drawing at Hyannis, Mass.

James Hall, '91, instructor in the Ethical Culture School, New York City, is on the membership committee of the new National Society of Craftsmen which has been formed.

Willis E. Higgins, '05, continues his work as instructor in manual training at Lewiston, Me.

The first meeting of a committee formed to promote the utilization of the Museum by schools and colleges took place at the Museum on May 23 last, under the chairmanship of President Eliot. The aim of the committee is to awaken an interest in art among the students of our schools and colleges through the agency of the collections of the Museum. A sub-committee of five members, Walter Sargent, '90, chairman, was appointed to carry out the work outlined.

For the coming November the sub-committee has planned a course of introductory lectures by prominent authorities, primarily for teachers,

but open to all who wish to attend. John La Farge has consented to speak on the consideration of painting and the consideration of the minor arts, W. P. P. Longfellow on architecture, while Professor Warren and Mr. Sargent will give more general addresses.

Frederick W. Ried, '05, though re-elected unanimously at Greenfield, Mass., at an increased salary and with the new honor of principal of the evening school, resigned to accept the position of director of drawing and handicraft in Leominster and Lancaster, Mass.

Royal B. Farnum, '06, is director of the new Normal Art department of the Cleveland School of Art, Cleveland, O.

Miss Annie Friend Rogers, '06, has taken charge of drawing and music in the school for Americans in the city of Mexico.

Miss Anna Wilson, '06, is instructor of drawing and painting at Vermont Academy, and Miss Edna Bisbee, '06, has a similar position in Acadia Seminary at Wolfville, N. S.

Charles Edwin Johnson, '06, has been appointed instructor of manual training and mechanical drawing in the public schools of Cincinnati. In the same city Miss Elsie Holcomb, '06, is also teaching.

Miss Bertha Taft, '05, has been appointed supervisor of Billerica.

Harold C. Dunbar, '04, is studying at the Museum under Mr. Tarbell. Mr. Dunbar's work has been exhibited at Rowland's Gallery during the summer, and we hope he will continue to be as successful as in the past.

Several members of the class of '06 are back at school taking up special work.

Freshman Reception

The Seniors will give a reception to the Freshmen in the school hall Thursday evening, November 22. This is an old custom in the school, and this reception is usually one of our most successful social affairs. The Freshmen are all cordially invited to attend, but to all others an admission fee of fifty cents will be charged to help defray expenses. Every one is expected to attend, however.

"Praising what is lost makes the remembrance dear." — *Shakespeare.*

Clippings

"I dined with Charles Dana Gibson at Princess's restaurant in London during the season," said a Chicagoan. "The lofty, spacious dining-room was filled with women in pale gowns, their hair uncovered, and their arms and necks bare, and though these women were fashionable, aristocratic, they smoked cigarettes with their coffee as they watched the bioscope pictures that went on at one end of the big room, and as they listened to the singing that went on at the other. Amid all this feminine smoking we Americans began to discuss and to define the word 'lady.' Was it ladylike to smoke? we asked. Would a lady ever smoke? What was a lady? I think Mr. Gibson's definition of a lady was the best that was given.

"'A lady,' he said, ignoring the smoke question altogether, 'is a woman who always remembers others and never forgets herself.'"—Ex.

Weber has said that art has no fatherland, and all that is beautiful ought to be prized by us, no matter what clime or region has produced it.

Schumann wrote that he who is anxious to preserve his originality is in danger of losing it.

"Quite matchless are her dark brown i i i,
  She talks with utmost e e e,
And when I tell her she is y y y,
  She says I am a t t t."—Ex.

Clara—"I had a lovely compliment last evening from Mr. Featherly."

Ethel—"No! What was it?"

Clara—"He spoke of my hands. He said I had the hands of a Venus de Milo. Wasn't that sweet of him?"

Teacher (in physiology class)—"Name the bones of the skull."

Freshman—"I've got 'em in my head, but I can't think of 'em just now."

"Genius is merely a matter of energy."

Exchanges

Annette Washburn, Editor

The editors of this magazine greet those of fellow publications.

The art student learns to accept unfavorable criticism from companions as well as teachers, and gets as much profit from the former many times as from the latter. We all admit that unfavorable criticism is often more friendly than the contrary.

The *High School Times*, which we have just received, is worthy of its name. If a suggestion is wanted, why not begin with the cover? The bit of design used, if raised about two inches, so as to occupy the upper third of the sheet, would be very nice. This change would mean the addition of some good printing at the bottom, with the whole enclosed by a few well-spaced lines to limit the design by something besides the edge of the sheet. The spirit of the paper is very invigorating.

What a little and seemingly insignificant thing will affect the interest which a reader feels in taking up a fresh paper!

The type used in the *English High School Record* creates at once an interest for a closer examination which may be well copied by other papers. This interest would continue unabated, we feel sure, right through to the bottom of the exchange column if that publication should see fit to add one.

The *Oriental Student* ought to have been, for the money, and was one of our best June exchanges. Its subject matter was especially good in a solidly intellectual way. The addition of a table of contents would be of general interest unless the students there have more spare time than we.

The *Usonian* is one of our exchanges which is very well printed and put together. We like the spacing on the cover.

One of the editorials in the *Tech* October 15 might be considered as redundant by those looking for non-advertising copy.

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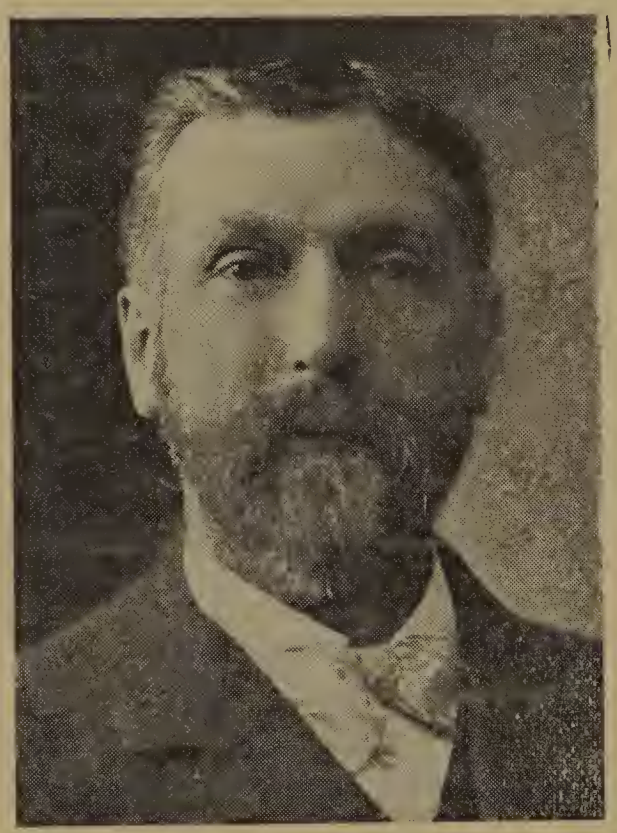

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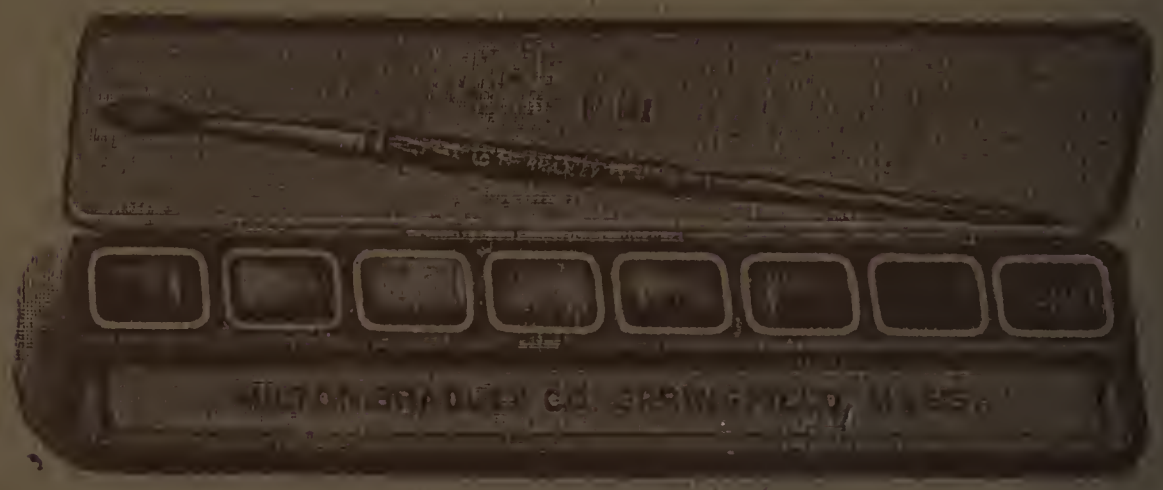

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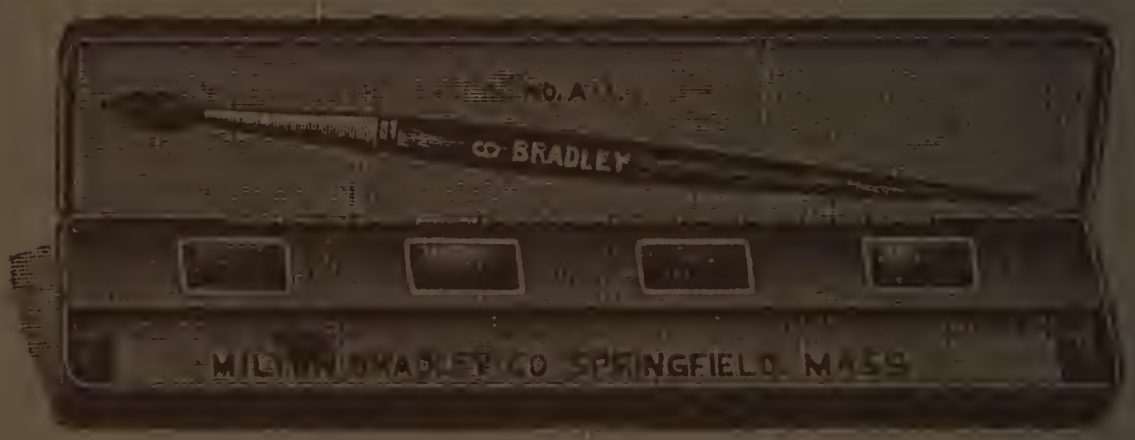

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